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Queen's University Journal,

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of Queen's University during the
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dressed to the Editor, Drawer 1104, Kingston,
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All communications of a business nature
should be addressed to the Business Manager.

IN a recent number the *Presbyterian Review*,
Toronto, criticises very severely the ad-
dress given by Professor Campbell in the
Sunday Afternoon series. With the criticism
itself we have nothing to do, but we desire to
say a word or two in explanation. Firstly, the
Review is right in supposing that our reporter
by mistake wrote Dr. Campbell, of McGill, for
Dr. Campbell, of the Presbyterian College,
Montreal. Next, we think that outside of
that the report was an excellent resume of
the address. Again, it is most unfair to drag
the Principal into it; the addresses are ar-
ranged for and published by a syndicate of
students—Arts, Medical and Theological; the
Principal has no more to do with the choice
of speakers, or the views expressed, than has
the editor of the *Review* himself. Lastly, this
JOURNAL is published by the students' Alma
Mater Society, and is *not* the official organ of
the university.

* * *

As the day of Convocation approaches, and
hopes of graduation increase, students of the
graduating class are naturally anxious to have
some of their friends from a distance present,
when the college bestows her reward upon
them and all successful students. Yet many

feel that, unless some change is made, their
friends will find little enjoyment in attending.
In the past years the few who did come up,
had to take one of two alternatives, either to
obtain one of the nearest positions at the
front door as early as one o'clock or coming
late be jostled in the crowd and pushed to
the back where it was impossible to see any-
thing. Surely it is but a just claim if the
graduates ask for a change in this, and we
think that it can be easily remedied because
the number of strangers will not be large. We
feel sure that the Senate, so willing in the past
to grant all reasonable requests, will take some
steps to remedy this matter.

* * *

We think that by this time the students'
publishing committee must have come to
the conclusion that they made a mistake in
changing the hour of the Sunday Afternoon
Addresses from three to four. The attend-
ance is no better, we doubt if it is as good, as
it was when three was the hour; and the an-
noyance which is caused by attendants and
teachers of Sunday Schools coming in from
ten to twenty-five minutes late is really dis-
graceful. It interrupts the devotional part
of the meeting, the prayer and the praise, dis-
turbng that part of the audience which has
come on time, and to a far greater extent the
speaker. The attendance of students is, on
the whole, less than it was last year, so that
for several reasons we hope that next year the
old hour will be re-established.

It would certainly be a great advantage, if
practicable, for communications to be entered
into this spring with some, at least, of the
speakers for next session. The great obstacle
to this is that next year's syndicate would
have to be bound by the choice of this year's,
for of course the syndicate must be re-organ-
ized at the commencement of each session.
Its advantage would be that the best speakers,
who generally have the most engagements,
would be far more likely to be able to assent
if requested in April than if in November.

COLLEGE NEWS.

A. M. S.

NOTWITHSTANDING the nearness of exams, the usual large attendance at the A. M. S. still continues. There was very little business transacted as most of the matters that were to come up were postponed till next meeting. The committee appointed to select Curators for the Reading Room for next session reported, recommending the following gentlemen: The Postmaster for next session, W. W. Peck, W. L. Grant, E. Peacock, J. S. Shortt, J. McC. Kellock, D. McG. Gandier, J. R. Conn and F. Playfair. The report was adopted.

D. W. Best gave notice that the committee appointed to draw up a complete voters' list of members of the A. M. S. would report at next meeting.

The report of the committee to ascertain the relation of the Athletic Committee to the A. M. S. and the report of the committee to select a JOURNAL staff for next session, will be brought in to-night.

The Critic then gave his report, after which the society resolved itself into a Mock Parliament. The impeachment of certain members of the House occupied the whole evening. Mr. Kellock delivered a very amusing speech and kept the House in roars of laughter. This was the last session of the Parliament for this year. In the opinion of all it has been an unqualified success and they are only sorry it was not started earlier in the session.

IMPRESSIONS OF ALUMNI CONFERENCE.

The attempt made at the late Conference was a novel one in Canadian university life so far as the writer is aware, and therefore was largely experimental. To say the experiment was a success is quite within the mark. The attendance of ministers actively engaged in Church work for a ten days Conference, at the season when the demand on their time is greater than usual, exceeded the expectations of the promoters of the scheme. They were present in spirit as well as in body, and though not so well "read up" as could be wished on the course outlined in the programme, yet

each member came down with his mind open to receive truth. Not many essays were read, no doubt owing to the incomplete arrangements for securing the most papers possible. The main weakness of the essays was the lack of assimilation of the subject discussed. Given a few books of reference, three or four months—or say weeks—may be time enough to prepare a thirty minute paper which on the whole may be worth reading. But it will be technical, stiff, and, as it were, rather "outside" the writer than the matured product of a mind saturated with the subject. Notwithstanding this defect, the fact that men were reading with a purpose, with a discriminating eye, shows one point of great value the Conference had in view when it was originated.

The enthusiasm with which the members went to the College was more than met by the excellent arrangements made by the professors for any or all attending classes outside of the prescribed programme. A graduate of the 80's may be pardoned when he envies the advantages of a student of the 90's. In material advantages alone the eye sees progress all round. What a change e.g. there is in the cheery and comfortable quarters of the P. M. G., and excellent wire screen shutting out the *profanum vulgus*, when compared with the old wicket gate in the old College, through which occasionally a smaller sized student like "Billy" J. was handed through.

No need to yell now, just look at the card; no name, no letter,—pass out.

But the advances made in Arts, Science, etc., are the true marks of a live College. Compare the Calendar of '92-'93 with the date '82-'83 and there will be seen a greater division of labor, fuller treatment of subjects—giving the most ambitious youth the choice of several highroads in the world of knowledge.

One thing the writer was delighted to find had not been thrown out in the progress of these years, that is the weekly or bi-weekly essay during the session. This admirable though laborious plan brings the student into touch with his professor, who is to youth not a mere lecturer, but a philosopher and friend.

Lastly, the discussions held and the matured thought of the University leads one to see and to prize more and more that the Christian religion is true philosophy, inasmuch as it

does not ignore, but blesses life at every point, and that in Science, Philosophy or Theology the only thing to be dreaded is error, and the only thing worth seeking is truth. Such a Conference as was held may help to unify thought, remove prejudices and misconceptions, and thus establish the mind more firmly than ever in "the faith."

With all the others, the writer wishes to express the kindness shown by the professors in every way that could make the mental, spiritual and social life the most profitable and enjoyable to every member of the Alumni Conference.

J. H.

Cobourg, March 13, 1893.

ARTS CONTINUED.

The only person qualified to assign the proper place in the botanical catalogue to A. Rannie would be a specialist on the species fungus. Vegetating unobtrusively in a frock coat without a crease, and a broad-brimmed hat, he would probably bloom unnoticed, unless like the daisy of Wordsworth he were given prominence by an admirer of nature in its modesty and simplicity. After basking for four years in the sunny atmosphere of classes and the Y. M. C. A., he will be transplanted to the more wintry climate of Divinity Hall; there he will bend like the reed and not break like the oak before the storms of heresy and the breezes of higher criticism, and no doubt survive to blossom in some country parish.

Besides growing, sleeping, studying classics and keeping quiet generally, H. W. Bryan has advanced from knickerbockers to long pants since he entered college. He has never been known to go to bed without saying his prayers, or to class without learning his lessons. Once, when the professor was away, he skipped a class; but that was after he had commenced honours, and attendance was not compulsory. Sometime when mamma does not know, he is going to see what the big boys do at Alma Mater, or peek in a window at a hockey match; but just now these are forbidden pleasures. Nobody knows what he is going to do when he is a man; he is not sure yet.

J. D. McLennan, alias Sir John Thompson, hails from Port Hope, and is one of the most popular men in the class. Of a genial and whole-souled nature, enlivened by his quiet, but rich, Irish wit, he is a general favorite with the boys, and is idolized by the ladies. Such times as he can spare from his studies are devoted to the fair sex, thereby smoothing off the rough edges of his character, generated by contact with a cruel and unkind world. Being of a mathematical turn of mind he can knock the "spots" off most men in certain lines of study. Though a good student he is no plugger and may well be described in the words of the poet:

"He ne'er had a janus for work,
"Twas never the gift of the Bradies,
But he'd make a most illigant Turk,
For he's fond of tobacco and ladies."

Charles McLeod has been called "the man in the moon," not because dogs bark at him, not because of his unhinging influence on the minds of tender maids, nor yet because he is fuller at one time than at another; but he has been so called because of the distinct earthly likeness he bears to that high-born highlander. There is a point, however, where the likeness fails; Charlie is always at the full and always smiling. His home is in Prince Edward Island, but his sojournings in Boston have given him a strong liking for such Republican institutions as baked beans and popular pulpits. He is yearning for both, and, like the baby in Pears' soap, he won't be happy till he gets them. With his unique "swing of conquest" he will no doubt get there, to the delight of his many friends at Queen's.

Andrew Haydon came here with the eyes of all Pakenham and Almonte upon him, much to his own discomfort. Though an Anglican, and no believer in predestination, he was, nevertheless, predestined from his birth to make a detailed and careful study of law and the ladies of '94—his intense application to which has brought about a serious affection of the heart, to relieve which he finds it necessary to take large and frequent doses of R—, R—, (Ready Relief.) On account of his legal propensities he has already had several briefs in connection with sales of picture frames and the ruinous repetition of dried apple sauce at three meals a day, but has otherwise taken but little interest in the Alma Mater. Andy

intends to take three M.A.'s in the Spring—in English, Pol. Econ. and History—in consequence of which the Senate has laid in a special supply of exam. paper. His fellow students have honored him with the offices of President of his year and of Prophet, in which latter his vein of dry humor made him a great success, though when he turned his attention to *Chronicles* his first effort proved his last. We will all miss him when he goes, and are sure that the same success which has accompanied his work here will be his at Osgoode Hall, where he intends to study on leaving Queen's.

James W. McIntosh would be marked at once by the acute observer as an honor student in the ladies' favorite course, Modern Languages. He has that peculiar style of beauty and feminine grace of deportment that indicate a bashful and retiring disposition, added to a softly modulated voice and coy manner, also characteristic of the fair sex. Like most girls he studies hard, and, except when a candidate for office, does not waste his valuable time on Alma Mater, or such other matters as students are generally interested in. There is a rumor that he once spent a quarter of an hour writing minutes for the year of which he is Secretary, but this is a vile calumny. He has never been known to do any positive harm, though wild schemes for the ruin and defeat of certain bold, bad students have sometimes been conceived, but he always repented of such things. Fortunately such dangerous tendencies were nipped in the bud, and Jimmie will never be troubled with a bad conscience when he has reached the goal of his ambition, and become Principal of a ladies' seminary.

The subject of this short sketch is called after the son of Philip of Macedon—Warrior Longbow Grant. The first cognomen he brought with him to College, and he has retained it by hard work on the foot ball field and by his encounters in the Alma Mater Society. Those who have known him longest will easily account for the second letter in his name. Truth is great, and many-sided; and scholars sometimes think in Greek, and make slips when they try to put it into English. Taking all these things into consideration, we believe that the name "Longbow" stands for

certain trifling aberrations to which he is subject. Willie is very highly accomplished, and enjoys the honorable position of Class Poet of '93. He has also learned how to skate, and has told all the girls on the rink about his love exploits. Willie has heard a whisper in his dreams for some time: "Silver and gold have we none, but such as we have give we unto thee." By carefully watching the signs of the times, he hopes to capture two of them—Greek and Latin. He also has begun some preliminary exercises in Junior Canadian, and hopes to make considerable progress during the Summer, when the competition is not so keen. In Philosophy, this young gentleman affects the Cynic school, but it is quite evident that he has only seen Diogenes "through a glass darkly," and has not yet learned to handle edged-tools without cutting himself. *e. g.*: "What," he asks, "is the difference between me and Truth?" And he answers: "Truth shines in its own light; and I shine in my own eyes." Of all his labors on behalf of the Journal, and many other College interests, the half has never been told.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESS.

The Sunday Afternoon Address for March 26th was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Gracey, of Rochester, in Convocation Hall, before a fair sized audience.

Man, he said, is on one side of his nature an animal, but yet has distinguishing characteristics raising him above the animal; one of these is that man alone gives evidence that he must have a religion. Is there, the speaker asked, more than one religion? We find that among the nations of the world there are various beliefs common to all: the belief in one supreme God: the belief among other nations in a triad of Deities: the belief in the necessity of sacrifice: in the incarnation of the Godhead: in the necessity for regeneration before man can be saved. The religion which includes most of these beliefs will infallibly become the religion of the world. They are all found in christianity; towards this one religion then we find that man is tending.

Christianity being the one true religion, it is the duty of everybody to diffuse it, as is commanded in the Bible. For that purpose we should ourselves go, and should send mission-

aries to where there are souls to be saved, where we are wanted, where we are most wanted, full of confidence, as knowing that providence will work with us and watch over us. Then shall the Kingdoms of the world become the Kingdoms of Christ; towards which consummation we are now in a great measure advanced; for do not Christian potentates now hold sway over all the great nations of the globe, and over the great majority of its people. The speaker concluded with an eloquent appeal for all to labour heartily, considering the magnitude of the work, in the full confidence that the Eternal will crown our labours with success.

After the address a special collection on behalf of the University Missionary Association was taken up, the amount realized being somewhat over forty-one dollars, of which thirty go the speaker for expenses.

BYSTANDER.

Perhaps historians in future ages will treasure as a souvenir of one of Canada's great men the following, which we discovered in looking over the *Montreal Daily Witness* for Dec. 1st, 1874:

EXTRACTS FROM CHILDREN'S LETTERS.

SCOTCH CORNERS, NOV. 28, 1874.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old; I live in a place called Scotch Corners, in the Township of Beckwith; I have got two subscribers for your good paper. I sent for the *Canadian Messenger* when my pa was renewing his subscription for the *Weekly Witness* on the third of November. Please send it in my name.

Yours truly,

JOHN A. SINCLAIR,

Carleton Place P.O., Ont.

Those desiring to see the original will be allowed to do so if they call on the managing editor, in whose possession the precious document now is.

* * *

Bystander was one of the twenty or thirty who attended the late Elocution contest, and has one or two things to say in connection with it. While Mr. Rollins certainly deserved the prize so far as elocutionary merit went, he acted with very questionable taste in choosing a piece with which he had won the prize at the last public contest held by the A. M. S.

Such a proceeding is entirely opposed to all rules of professional etiquette. Two or three of the boys have told us that there are better reciters in the University than any of Friday night's competitors; the only reason as yet given for their absence is that they did not choose to compete because disapproving of the methods of the Professor of Elocution, under whose superintendence the show was conducted. This, if so, is most unfortunate. Bystander hopes that next time the difficulty will be obviated by the A. M. S. taking entire control.

BYSTANDER.

ELOCUTION CONTEST.

On Friday, March 25th, an entertainment, chiefly of an elocutionary nature, was given in Convocation Hall, under the auspices of Professor Connery. Owing to the lateness of the season and the fact that little advertising had been done, the audience was small.

Mr. A. E. Lavell and Mrs. Herbison sang solos most acceptably, and Mr. Connery recited a leaf from his own autobiography. The Rev. C. J. Cameron, A.M., of Brockville, had been expected to speak but was unable to be present. Messrs. Laird, Leitch, and Rollins were entered for the students' elocution contest, for which a prize of twenty-five dollars had been offered, partly given by the A. M. S. and partly collected by Mr. Connery. All three did excellently, Mr. Rollins being adjudged successful.

AN UP-TO-DATE STUDENT.

A few years ago there appeared at our University a youth of fine and manly appearance. He was far from being an ordinary Freshman, for, as he himself affirmed, he had a wide and varied experience, and had spent much time in close communion with Nature. He was distinguished by his profound piety, and from his too literal interpretation of Scripture he conceived that the true and only knowledge was to be found in the study of Theology. He, therefore, determined to drink only at the fountain-head. The branches of this study that gave him particular delight bear the learned names Apologetics and Exegesis. The full meaning of these names, as well as the "strong meat" for mental and

spiritual development which they afford is only known to the initiated. Those who know our student well, will remember often to have seen him in his solitary walks bearing a ponderous volume, dog-eared throughout and yellow with age, the idol worshipped by all Divinity students—Horne's Introduction. So inseparable were they that it is said he even took his idol to church, and if anything was there said not contained in the volume (which very rarely occurred) he immediately added it to some M.S. notes at the end of the book. This volume might well have served as a whole library, but as it deals exclusively of matters of antiquity, the danger of becoming prejudiced in that direction was obviated by the possession of another volume of modern stamp, a real live, up-to-date book—Butler's Analogy. Our friend studied these most diligently, and it is not strange that he sometimes gave utterance to words not understood by the general public, and that the cast of his countenance became more and more exalted and sublime. One requires only to know something of his inner life to find the explanation of these facts. While many a student was laborously seeking to find a higher consciousness of himself, he attained to it hourly, and thought nothing of it, indeed, why should he? For had not the thin veil which separated him from the unseen world been, on several occasions, rolled away and the whole laid bare before him! In this day of unbelief it is doubtful if this fact will receive the full credence it deserves. That it may no longer be doubted, the writer furnishes one incident which he solemnly affirms is authentic and genuine. It was the day before exams, and approaching midnight. Our hero had studied that day exactly eighteen hours, as recorded by the town clock; had read all the Analogy (memorizing the synopsis), and gone far into Horne. He laid himself down to rest, very carefully as was his wont, lest by any sudden and inadvertent movement he should lose the result of his day's labor. He had slept but a short time when he became conscious of a great weight pressing upon him, and well he might for the volumes he had studied contain no light matter. It was doubtless due to this fact that the vision first presented to him was that of the lower world. It was not without

interest to him, however, and after his eyes had become somewhat accustomed to the thick darkness, and his ears to the confused clamor of agonizing cries, he beheld forms and heard words familiar to him. For one rose from the slime and marl and lamented that he had led astray so many by his false doctrine of evolution; another acknowledged that he was justly punished for teaching the simple ones of earth that they could not conceive of a miracle. One said he had tried to make men believe there was no God, but matter and force. The form of this most wretched man he recognized as that of J. S. Mill. After a time other faces became familiar—Baden, Powell, Kant, Comte, Hegel, German Rationalists and destructive critics a very great many. The dreamer murmured something about the justice of God, and turned on his side. The weight that pressed upon the pit of his stomach was somewhat lightened. He felt much better, and at once a vision beautiful and sublime appeared before him. He saw the pearly gates opening and amid a flood of celestial light saw forms most dear to him. In rapture he cried, "Thomas Horne, I know thee." "Blessed art thou, Joseph Butler." "Is not that Paley I see." The hero had once beheld a picture of certain eminent divines that sat in a council once held at Westminster. Some of these faces he thought he recognized but was not sure. He searched diligently to see if any were there who on earth are called Higher Critics, but found that even the name was unknown there. Wishing to make a note of this fact he reached for the book (Horne) when his hand came into violent contact with some article of furniture and he awoke.

Y. M. C. A.

A. C. Bryan, B.A., conducted the regular meeting on Friday evening. The subject, "Sympathy," was opened up by him in a few well-chosen and practical words; several others also spoke on the topic. The attendance was not quite so large as usual. The cause of this we do not know, but hope, however, that our prayer meeting may not be forgotten even amid the rush of work on hand in view of approaching exams.

ARTS SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Arts Society was held on Tuesday evening. The Treasurer's report showed that this Society is being more and more approved of by the students, as they perceive the superiority of this new method of collecting the annual fees. This year 170 students paid their fees, leaving only nine men yet to pay. There is a balance on hand of nearly \$60. J. C. Brown and C. G. Young were appointed Auditors. Mr. Peck, on behalf of the curators of the Reading Room, asked for \$30, providing that some proposed changes would be made in the Reading Room. A motion was carried granting this. On Thursday another meeting was held to hear the Auditors' report. The Executive deserve much praise for the manner in which they have worked in the interests of the Society.

COLLEGE NOTES.

We see from the Halifax Chronicle that Struan G. Robertson, B.A., '91, has successfully passed his second-year law examination in that place.

We are glad to hear that E. C. Watson, '95, is very much better, and will be around in a few days.

We no longer see the cheerful face of Toshi around the Library. His services have been dispensed with.

We are sorry to learn that E. C. Gallup, '92, has been compelled through ill-health to give up his classes and leave for home.

"Not being able to swallow my words, sir, I was compelled to throw up my portfolio."—J. M. M.—, in Mock Parliament. You have our sympathy, Jack, we know how it is to be that way ourselves.

A QUESTION OF DESCENT.

Scene: Boarding House Avenue.

Time: St. Patrick's Day in the morning.

Be-t-n—"Hello! Irish! why don't you wear your shamrock?"

MacL—n—"I'm no Irishman, Alick."

Be-t-n—"Your forefathers were Irish, and so you're Irish, too."

MacL—n—"Faith, if it's a question of descent, then I'm descended from Adam, but is that any reason why I should wear a fig leaf!"

"THAT."

This little selection, that that book called "Rhetoric Made Racy" has perpetuated, makes one wish that he were again in school, and not so rusty on his parsing. We are requested to parse all the "thats." Try it.

You may think the word "that" of very little consequence. If you will read on, however, you will soon see that that is of considerable importance.

You will see that that that used in the second sentence is a noun.

And we will say still further that that that that was spoken of last in the third sentence is a noun.

We gave the fourth sentence one time to a gentleman to parse, and a gentleman afterwards remarked, "That that that that that gentleman parsed was parsed incorrectly."

The first gentleman retorted, "That 'that that that that that gentleman parsed' was rather a clumsy expression."

Another one said, "That 'that that that that that that that' was a still more clumsy expression."

A lady ventured the suggestion, "That 'that that that that that that that' gentleman made use of was a correct grammatical expression."

That's enough.—*Ex.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

KYOTO, JAPAN, Feb. 23, 1893.

DEAR JOURNAL:—

You certainly have not been wearied by letters from me—this is my first to you since coming to Japan in August, 1888. And even for this one I must crave your indulgence—it is only a "correction."

Quite recently my trusted friend, Wallace Peck, when writing to me said that he was sorry that ill-health was going to necessitate my return to Canada in the immediate future. It is quite true that I intend leaving Japan next summer, but it is not true that I am leaving on account of ill-health. I enjoy excellent health and have done so almost without intermission since coming to the Morning Land.

I came to Japan, a layman, when the fever for English was at its height. With many others I fondly hoped that the "soaking in"

process of learning a language would work as well in my case as it was claimed it would in others. I was soon undeceived. I found that although I "poured out" English seven days in a week, the Japanese did not "soak in" to any great extent. The plan may work well in other lands (though I do not believe it), but it does not work here. I have been "pouring out" English ever since and I am weary of it—of preaching the maximum of English and of giving the minimum of any strength and time to the work dearest to my heart. Some may ask why I do not do missionary work only. I cannot and stay here, and still be in the employ of Mission Baard. I do not know of a single Mission Board which does or would employ a layman to give all his time and strength to direct work for Christ. What the Master has in store for me I know not—and I do not worry. But I beg of you do not suppose that I am glad to shake the dust of Japan off my feet because I am going to the dear home land, Canada. How glad I am at the thought of seeing Canada again none but those who have lived in an Oriental land know. But it is not an unmixed pleasure, for I shall leave behind me not a few young men who have become very dear to me, from whom to part will be a wrench.

A dear friend of mine went home to Canada last Summer from China, a wreck. I shall never forget her words: "The darkest Gethsemane of my life is to leave China." I cannot say that yet—it is very high. Some people sometimes talk of "burying one's self" in China or Africa. There are two sides to it. I have a suspicion that there is infinitely more burying of talents in the home-lands than in Christless lands. Say, you fellows interested in missionary work, why do you not all go to the Foreign field, whether that be in British Columbia or in Ceylon? I shall not plead "the needs." You have all been deluged with such information. Suffice it to say that it is desperate, it is awful. But although the needs must, and ought to, influence us, and that most deeply, yet let me say most earnestly, most solemnly, that that motive alone will fail miserably when in the presence of the un-reaped host of heathendom. Nothing but the soul-enkindling and ever satisfying love of Christ will carry you through. Not until the

words, "As I have loved you," have been wrought into our heart of hearts, our inmost being, can we work calmly and confidently and joyfully.

And here in conclusion may I not once more ask for men for Japan and China. Dr. Verbeck, the oldest missionary in Japan, says he could locate a hundred men if he had them. I would double or treble the number. For let it not be forgotten that the proportion of Christians to non-Christians in Japan is as one to one thousand—1 to 1,000. How does that look? Twenty Christians in Kingston—scattered from the depot to Portsmouth, and swallowed up among 19,980 Christless ones, with stark staring idolatry on all sides. What do you think of it? And when I see praise lavished so unstintedly upon such brave, worthy fellows as Stairs and Mackay and other African explorers, and when I see how ungrudgingly Christian clergy and Christian laymen in the home lands give their children to the Civil Service in India, to the Consular Service in China (under English management) and to the English Diplomatic Corps the wide world over, why, oh, why is it so necessary to be always "appealing," and "pleading," and "urging" Christ's followers to "come at once"? Brothers, why is it?

Very faithfully yours,
ARHUR W. BEALL, '88.

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